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Title: Baker's Journal

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The past few months have been horrid for business with the rising cost of goods and the lack of large farms nearby the city of Trinsic. My wife has been pestering me to sell out my ownership and to retire on the coast for a few years now, but with the harsh business climate I fear it may be some time before that's possible.

Another rise in the cost of flour imported in from Yew is causing my prices to have to be raised...and I've already seen the protests that happened at the weaponsmith's last week.

I hope that things don't continue in this vein. I had to lay off one of my three assistant bakers today, to keep us afloat.

I don't want to close down this shop, as it's been mine for over two decades now. One of my friends who works for the butcher was attacked and beaten badly last eve, and had his belongings stolen. The guards managed to arrest one of the suspects but the others got away.

I had to close the shop early as we ran out of flour and the next shipment isn't for three days. The shipping lanes have been fraught with piracy over the past few weeks, and our shipments

only come biweekly now by  
sea due to this danger.

Supposedly there will be  
new caravan shipments to  
offset this, but there  
haven't been any yet.

Flour costs rose again  
after an entire shipment  
was stolen by pirates.

I've had customers I've  
known for years come in  
and ask me how I can  
justify charging so much  
for things that just a  
year ago were almost  
half this price. I tried to  
make Jeffrey understand  
but he just sneered at  
me and left. Everyone's  
been on edge lately, and  
the increase in arrests  
hasn't made the tension  
lessen.

As we tried to close this  
evening we came outside  
into a group of people  
armed with torches and  
various weapons. Almost  
before I could think they  
assailed myself and my  
assistant, and I just  
managed to yank her back  
inside before Virtues  
know what might have  
happened. I managed to  
scream for the guards  
loud enough that the mob  
beat a retreat, and the  
guards had to douse a  
fire that they had hastily  
set...what is happening?